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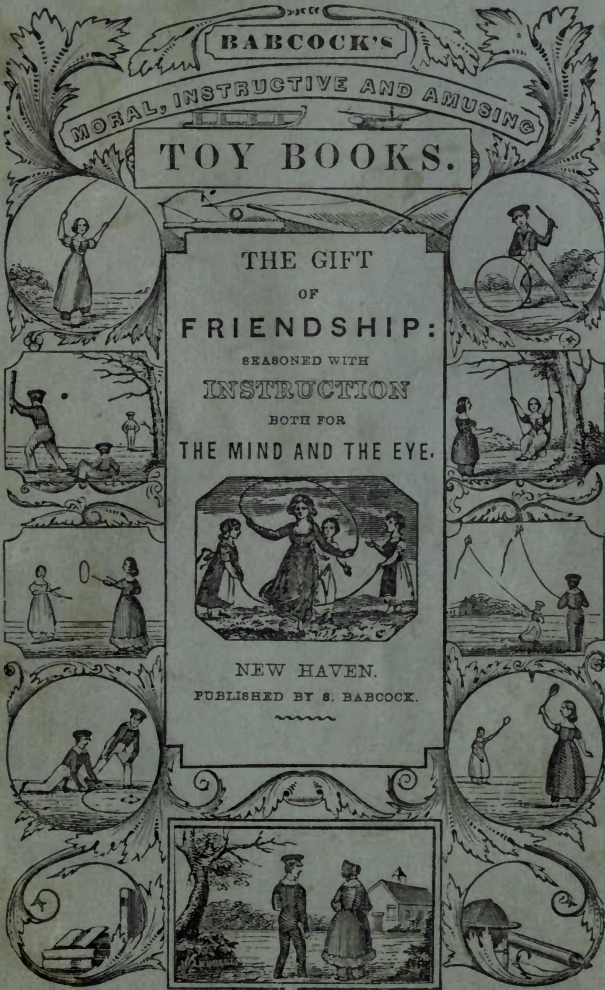
THE GIFT
OF
FRIENDSHIP:

SEASONED WITH
INSTRUCTION
BOTH FOR
THE MIND AND THE EYE.



NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE
GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP;
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THE
GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP.



CATCHING FISH.

(See Frontispiece.)

Poor Fishermen, you labor hard,
And often for a poor reward ;
Yet all agree, a nicer dish
There can not be than fresh caught fish.

HERE are flat fish and haddock, just out of the water. These poor men have toiled hard for them, and I hope will carry them to a good market. The life of a Fisherman is a hard one. They are exposed to many trials and dangers ; out in all weathers, they often brave the storm when the sea runs mountains high, and, alas ! are sometimes overwhelmed by the foaming waves, and sink to rise no more ! Think, then, how anxious their poor families must feel, while they are fishing to maintain them ! I am glad to see these poor men safe on

the beach, and I hope those out in the boats, who have not yet drawn their nets, may be as fortunate, and be rewarded for their labor with as good a haul.

Shad, Mackerel, and Cod, abound in our waters, and reward the labors of our Fishermen; all of which are very good, and we like to see them on our table; but, certainly, few of us would choose to undergo the perils of Fishermen for the finest fish ever caught. Inland fishing suits us best; such as "casting the net of inquiry into the sea of knowledge, and drawing forth instruction, be it ever so small." Such fish improves every bite we take, and was never yet known to disagree with an industrious scholar.

But though we should dislike to lead the life of Fishermen, yet let us remember, that they 'will to support themselves and families; and though ~~their~~ ^{their} is a humble life, still

'Tis better far to eat the bread
Of industry, though hard,
Than with the daintiest bits be fed
By others' bounty spared.



GREEDINESS DEFEATED.

A pretty picture we have here!

I need not say who is to blame:

But this I think is pretty clear—

That greedy tricks must lead to shame.

THIS is a speaking picture, and tells its own story. Here we see a silly little girl, whose greediness is so great that she has not patience to wait for the cooling of her bread and milk, and the consequence is, that she has burned her mouth severely. Fie! fie! little girl; why should you be in such haste? Surely you have time enough to enable you to eat your meals in a proper man-

ner. Let the pain you now feel be a warning to you to break off this greedy habit.

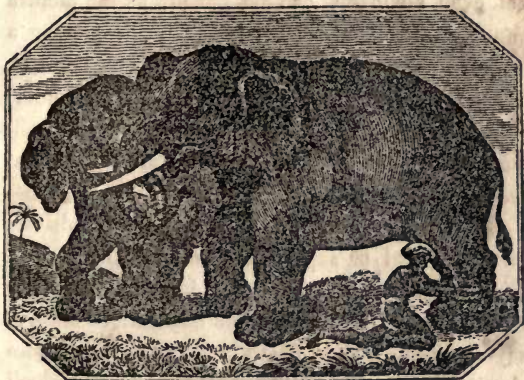
Her papa seems to be chiding her ; and no wonder, for she looks much too old to be guilty of such a disgusting habit. Why should we laugh at pigs and ducks for their greediness, when children, who can think and speak, act in the same manner ?

If any of my little readers are ever guilty of this silly and offensive habit, let them take a look at the pigs and ducks when they are at their noisy meals ; they can then judge whether the *manners* of these filthy animals are worthy of being imitated by little children. I think very few of them, after such a sight, will ever be in danger of scalding their mouths by greediness, like the foolish girl in the picture.

Give me the child who eats its food
At leisure, not in haste ;
For greediness don't make it good,
Or any sweeter taste.

And when their friends in kindness warm
Their bread and milk, or rice,
How wrong it is to make that harm,
Which might have been so nice !

Such children well deserve the pain
This child appears to feel,
And, if the greedy fit remains,
With pigs should take each meal.



TAME ELEPHANTS.

If bulk adds honor to a name,
This pretty pair have right to fame:
And as for beauty, we must own,
We never saw their charms outdone.

THIS lady and gentleman are natives of Ceylon, and are not a little proud of their large tusks, for they are esteemed the best of all ivory, whatever may be said of the elephant tribe in other countries. When we look at these immense creatures view their large ears, great teeth, and clumsy legs, they appear quite terrible; and we may suppose what mischief they can do when in a wild state;

yet even elephants can be tamed, as the picture shews ; for you see there is a black man tying a bandage round the legs of one of these animals. They are, indeed, sensible beasts, and soon understand the language of mankind, to whom they will fondly attach themselves ; but they are very apt to resent an insult.

An elephant once revenged himself on his driver, for some real or supposed insult, by killing him. The wife of the driver, in her despair, threw her two children at the feet of the still furious animal, saying, " Since thou hast killed my husband, take also my life and that of my children." The elephant stopped short, grew calm, and, as if he had been moved with regret and compassion, took with his trunk the largest of the two children, placed it on his neck, adopted him for his driver, and would never have any other.

Hunting the elephant is a very dangerous sport, such as we should not desire to share ; but we have no objection to a pretty box, or a comb, or fan, made from their tusks, and we like to read the accounts given by travelers of their docile nature and clever tricks.

The first elephant seen in England was in the year 1238, when the king of France sent one as a present to Henry the Third.



THE PONY AND HIS RIDER.

Pretty Pony, gently trot ;
 Shun with care each rugged spot,
 Lest you stumble in alarm,
 And your rider come to harm.

The horse is the most beautiful of our domestic animals, and excels them all in speed and usefulness. Without the horse, how should we journey to distant places, with ease and comfort ; or how would burthens too great for our strength be carried about ? Is he to bear his master on his back,—he is always prepared, and seems to study how to please ; at the least signal he is ready to quicken

or slacken his pace, at his rider's will. Now gently ambling along the road,—and now, at a single word, dashing off at the top of his speed.

In coach or carriage, hack or chair,
The horse is still a treasure,
To bear our feeble limbs afar,
On business or for pleasure.

Who could desire to mount a prettier animal than the one represented in the picture? How handsomely he is spotted, and what a long and flowing tail he has! His pace, too, is quite graceful, and really the young rider seems to manage him with much ability. Observe how gently he uses the whip! He is right; kind usage will do more than angry words and blows.

The cruel child who harshly treats
The animal he rides,
And, just to show his daring feats,
In anger spurs its sides,

Shall never mount our Pony's back
To tease, or give it pain;
No, let him take the stubborn jack
That kicks and strives again.

And should the angry creature throw
A master so unkind,
Though he receive a serious blow,
No pity shall he find.



PUSS AND HER KITTENS.

See madam seated in the straw,
 Her kittens playing with her paw:
 But she will teach them, in a trice,
 To seek and hunt the silly mice.

Mrs. Grimalkin lies in great state, with her playful offspring around her. They look fat and well fed, and do her credit. We must all allow she is a fond and attentive mother, while her kittens are young; but she does not choose they should live in idleness; so when they are a little older, she will pack them off to get their own living.

No doubt, they will be highly accomplished mousers; for that is the chief part of their educa-

tion, and when they enter life to act for themselves, this branch of polite learning will be their greatest merit in the eyes of the world. It would be a kindness to let the poor mice know when any of the master kittens commence business—for those sly young tradesmen will have a good and choice stock, let who will pay for it; and should a fat, sleek cheese-nibbler venture to show his bright eyes from a hole in the cupboard, the sly mewed, ever on the watch, puts him down debtor at once, and takes the first opportunity of payment, like a greedy creditor, by devouring him. This is hard justice, but puss is sure to be acquitted, even though some tender-hearted little urchin should plead as eloquently as the

LITTLE BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

Oh, ma, speak to pussy and kitty,
They are dragging all over the house,
Without any mercy or pity,
A poor little innocent mouse.

I hate to see such wicked cunning,
For pussy allows it to go,
And just as the mouse thinks of running,
She catches and teases it so.

And once, you will hardly believe me,
When mousey stood up on his knees,
And was begging for life, (it did grieve me,)
Then kitty the poor thing did seize.



FEEDING A PIG.

You who wish this meal to share,
Quickly to the trough repair,
Or it will be wholly gone—
Though of the guests there's only one.

And this one guest is certainly very welcome to the whole of the dainty meal, for it tempts us neither by its appearance nor smell. We should need to be very hungry indeed, before we could join with him in such a feast. However, pigs are not epicures; they are not over dainty in their appetites, like some little chaps that I have seen; in this they show some sense. But they are very

greedy, and have most voracious appetites ; so that it is not easy to satisfy their hunger. However, with all their faults, we are glad to indulge their greediness, in order to fatten them for our own eating.

We like him roasted, when he's young ;
 Or like his pickled head and tongue :
 Or, when he's large, his hams well dried,
 Or fitch of bacon from his side.

These are truths, so that we must not be too severe on his domestic habits. Pigs never think of gentility ; but they are not the only race who forget the rules of good breeding. I have seen little two-legged animals, which were as eager for a piece of plum-cake or apple-dumpling, as a family of young pigs could be to gain the trough first ; and I will affirm, that the former were much the more blameable.

Avoid such tricks, we know you can—
 Let pigs be pigs, and man be man.





THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Kind, faithful creature, persevere ;
 Thy charge to us is very dear ;
 And, for this act, our part shall be
 With tenderest care to nourish thee :

This is a sad, yet pleasing scene ; an innocent babe saved from drowning by that noble and sensible animal, a dog.

This kind creature is of the Newfoundland breed ; very large and strong. His black and white shaggy coat, and handsome full tail, look very grand. He is of a valuable species, whose attachment to man-

kind will lead them into the greatest perils ; and they will buffet with the waves a long time before they will let their burthen drop.

In the picture he seems to be in fresh water, and carries his charge with ease.

Ah ! foolish child, I fear you were playing on the margin of the stream, and, venturing too near, slipped into the smooth water that seemed to you like a looking-glass ; but, thanks to honest Carlo you are now safe, and will soon be as lively as ever. Yet, young as you appear to be, I hope this narrow escape may dwell in you memory, and that, while you thank Providence for its divine protection, you will not forget your obligation to the generous dumb animal which has thus saved your life, and restored you to your sorrowing friends.

Of all the speechless friends of man,
The faithful dog I deem,
Deserving from the human clan,
The tenderest esteem.





INNOCENT SPORTS.

These harmless sports we like to see ;
 No mischief here appears ;
 The boys all show activity,
 Well suited to their years.

Look at this smart little fellow ; how neatly he skips ! he must have practised much, or he could not manage the rope so gracefully. Skipping is a very healthy exercise, and so is hoop-trundling. See that boy in the back-ground ; he runs with all his might, and still keeps trundling his hoop. To the right we may perceive three more little fellows. Two are deep in the mysteries of top-spin-

ning, and one is flying his kite. On the left we see a lad mounted on stilts ; I think this a rather dangerous sport. Should he strike his stilt against a stone, he will get a tumble which may cost him a broken bone.

Boys can never be dull when they have such various methods of engaging their leisure hours. Suppose we join this merry little party, and endeavor to skip into their good graces. If we misbehave ourselves, they can but trundle us out of their circle, as they would a hoop ; or we will promise to spin out of their ring until next time. I beg you all to remember, that unless good-humor prevails, there can be no pleasure in any youthful game. A frown, or one hasty word, often spoils the brightest moments of our lives. Old as I am, I know not of a more pleasant sight, than a group of merry youngsters at play. It makes me feel young again.

I love to look upon a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play,
 And persuade myself that I am not old,
 And my locks are not yet gray ;
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a merry eye.



A SCHOOL BOY.

Here's a little head well fill'd,
 E'en now in learning greatly skill'd;
 Yet examine close his face,
 Pleasure only can you trace.

Pleasure indeed! for what is so delightful as knowledge? Solomon, who was the wisest of human kind, reckoned wisdom above all worldly riches, for it is lasting wealth.

Did you ever see a clever and studious child unhappy? Certainly not; it is the idle and wilfully ignorant who are wretched. Observe this industrious little fellow in the picture; how intent.

ly he is engaged in studying his morning lesson. Look well into his countenance, and you will perceive that he is learning his lesson by heart, and his keen eye does not bespeak a want of memory. He means to have it all perfect before school-time, so that he can answer every question, and thus gain the approbation of his kind school-master.

It is really great kindness in a man of sense and learning, to give up his time and to devote his talents to the purpose of teaching children to be wise and good; and it is surely very ungrateful not to repay such care by a strict attention to all he says; for how could the young ever gain knowledge, if they were not taught by their elders?

This little scholar is no doubt as fond of play as any of his companions; but he makes it a rule to learn his lesson first. He can then enter heartily into the sports of the play-ground, without any misgivings about an unstudied lesson.





THE HEEDLESS GIRL.

This is a disaster, indeed!
 But if children will not take heed,
 The consequence often must be,
 Like that in the picture we see.

This little girl was warned not to meddle with the cross parrot. Well, she promised obedience, but this was telling an untruth—for she intended to open the cage door as soon as her grandmother had quitted the room. She accordingly did so, when the angry bird, which did not like children, flew upon her head, and bit her severely in severa-

places. She screamed, and so did the parrot ; but the servants thought it was only Poll in a passion, and thus no one came to her assistance till her face was streaming with blood. All were frightened when they saw her in this terrible state ; but not one pitied her, for she had told a falsehood.

What is a lie, but useless fraud,
That never gains its end ;
Some undeserving act toward,
And must to others tend ?

Who ever told a thing untrue,
And did not coward feel ;
And while he hid the truth from view,
Felt blushes o'er him steal ?

No arts, though skillful, well can screen
The facts we would deny,
For every artifice is seen
By Truth's discerning eye.

Still more, the mighty Judge of all,
Sends forth his angry dart,
Which turns our every thought to gall,
While conscience probes the heart.



GATHERING APPLES.

Oh what a scramble would there be,
Did we but stand beneath that tree.

What a noble tree, and what an abundance of fruit! The gatherers will not labor in vain. I say labor, for it is not their object to gather a few, just to indulge their own appetites. No! the produce of this tree is a little fortune to its owner. By the sale of those apples, he will pay the rent of his neat, though homely cottage; and, to his honest mind, this will be the sweetest in its flavor.

Apples are a wholesome fruit, and very useful also; but all do not taste like the sweet and juicy

ones on this noble tree. Some are sour and unpleasant to the taste; but they make excellent cider. Cider was first made in England, when Henry III. was king. In the back-ground of the picture, behind the great apple-tree, you can see a cider-mill in operation; it is worked by a horse. In this mill the apples are ground, or mashed, and then being put into the press, the juice, or cider, is pressed out.

Apples were first brought from Syria, a country in the west of Asia, and you see how well they thrive in our own country. They are now one of our finest and most useful fruits.

I wish all my young friends may become as famed for virtue, as some of our choicest kinds of apples are for their sweet flavor. If they like the juice of our present information, they are welcome to extract all its sweetness.

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